Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Faire ſir, you are well ore-tane:
My L. *Baſſanio* vpon more aduice,
hath ſent you heere this ring, and doth intreate
your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be;
his ring I doe accept moſt thankfully,
and ſo I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you ſhew my youth old *Shylockes* houſe.

Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, *I* would ſpeake with you:
Ile ſee if *I* can get my husbands ring
vvhich I did make him ſweare to keepe for euer.

Por. Thou maiſt I warrant, we ſhal haue old ſwearing
that they did giue the rings away to men;
but wele out-face them, and out-ſweare them to:
away, make haſt, thou knowſt where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good ſir, will yov ſhew me to this houſe.

Enter Lorenzo and Ieſſica.

Lor. The moone ſhines bright. In ſuch a night as this,
vvhen the ſweet winde did gently kiſſe the trees,
and they did make no noyſe, in ſuch a night
Troylus me thinks mounted the Troian walls,
and ſigh'd his ſoule toward the Grecian tents
vvhere *Creſſed* lay that night.

Ieſſi. In ſuch a night
did *Thiſbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
and ſaw the Lyons ſhadow ere him ſelfe,
and ranne diſmayed away.

Loren. In ſuch a night
ſtoode *Dido* with a willow in her hand
vpon the wilde ſea banks, and waft her Loue
to come againe to Carthage.

Ieſſi. In ſuch a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
that did renew old *Eſon*.

Loren. In ſuch a night

did